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## Fishing for Eels

A creek divided the Council horse pound,  
flaky paperbarks and seven year wattles,  
creeping Casuarinas, a buzzing silence

except when a mob of horses filled  
the narrow path with rumbling gallop  
and I had to jump aside.

Crawling through the bracken  
my own species grew fins, feathers,  
the sun weedy on my face.

And I became the hours at a pond  
of lily pads, dragon flies and turtles,  
grass snakes that climbed the air.

Twisting through that bubble shine  
were the sharp tooth eels, black and brown,  
mouthing at my line.

The first eel I carried home  
to my mother's praise.  
My father buried it in the garden.

The second I brought  
she condemned as a dirty thing,  
ordered me to take it back.

I walked dizzy to the paddocks  
threw it at the water,  
into its reflection it sank gaping

how quickly the water changed.